

CONTINUED FROM MAY 30.

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South Main St. Hopkinsville, Ky

Friday the 13th

By **THOMAS W. LAWSON**
Author of "Frenzied Finance"

[NOTE—By a shortage of papers with the concluding chapter of "Friday, the 13th," some of our readers were deprived of the best part of Mr. Lawson's great story. The opening paragraph is a continuation of Chapter Ten, which gave an account of Bob Brownley's mad race in an automobile for his home on 5th avenue, after learning of his wife's being suddenly restored to her right mind. This issue completes the story.]

CHAPTER X.

Across the square at last and on up Fourth Avenue to Twenty-sixth street. Then a dizzying whirl into Madison. Was he going to keep to it until he got to Forty-second street and try to make Fifth avenue along that congested block with its crush of Grand Central passengers and lines upon lines of hacks and teams? No. His head must be clear. Again he threw the great machine around the corner and into Fortieth street. For a part of the block our wheels rode the sidewalk and I awaited the crash. It did not come. Surely the new world Bob was speeding to must be a kind one, else why should Hag Fate, who had been at the steering wheel of his life-car during the last five years, carry him safely through what looked a dozen sure deaths? Without slackening speed a jot we swung around the corner of Fortieth into Fifth avenue. The road was clear to Forty-second; there a dense jam of cars, teams and carriages blocked the crossing. Bob must have seen the solid wall for I heard his low muttered curse. Nothing else to indicate that we were blocked with his goal in sight. He never touched the speed controller, but took the two blocks as though shot from a catapult. The two? No, one, and three-quarters of the next, for when within a score of yards of the black wall he jammed down the

took me minutes to get to the second floor. My feet touched the top stair, when, O God! that sound! For five long years I had been trying to get it out of my ears, but now more guttural, more agonized than before, it broke upon my tortured senses. I did not need to seek its direction. With a bound I was at the threshold of Beulah Sands-Brownley's office. In that brief time the groans had stilled. For one instant I closed my eyes, for the very atmosphere of that hall moaned and groaned death. I opened them. Yes, I knew it. There at the desk was the beautiful gray-clad figure of five years ago. There the two arms resting on the desk. There the two beautiful hands holding the paper, but the eyes, those marvelous gray-blue doors to an immortal soul—they were closed forever. The exquisitely beautiful face was cold and white and peaceful. Beulah Sands was dead. The hell-hounds of the "system" had overtaken its maimed and hunted victim; it had added her beautiful heart to the bags and barrels and hogsheads stored away in its big "business-is-business" safe deposit vaults. My eyes in sick pity sought the form of my old school-mate, my college chum, my partner, my friend, the man I loved. He was on his knees. His agonized face was turned to his wife. His clasped hands had been raised in an awful, heart-crushing prayer as his Maker touched the bell. Bob Brownley's great brown eyes were closed, his clasped hands had dropped against his wife's head, and in dropping had unloosed the



Beulah Sands Was Dead.

brakes, and the iron mass ground and shook as though it would rend itself to atoms, but it stopped with its dasher and front wheels wedged in between a car and a dray. It had not stopped when Bob was off and up the avenue like a hound on the end-in-sight trail. I was after him while the astonished bystanders stared in wonder. As we neared Bob's house I could see people on the stoop. I heard Bob's secretary shout, "Thank God, Mr. Brownley, you have come. She is in the office. I found her there, quiet and recovered. She did not ask a question. She said, 'Tell Mr. Brownley when he comes that I should like to see him.' Then she ordered me to get the afternoon paper. I handed it to her an hour ago. I think she believes herself in her old office. I shut off the floor as you instructed. I did not dare go to her for fear she would ask questions. I have"—but Bob was up the stairs two and three steps at a time.

My breath was almost gone and it

glorious golden-brown waves until in fond abandon they had coiled around his arms and brow as though she for whom he had sacrificed all was shielding his beloved head from the chills and dark mists of the black river that laps the brink of the eternal rest. The "System" had skewered Robert Brownley's heart, too. I staggered to his side. As I touched his now fast-icing brow my eyes fell upon the great black headlines spread across the top of the paper that Beulah Sands had been reading when the all-kind God had cut her bonds.

FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH.
And beneath in one column:

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA.

The Richest Man in the State, Thomas Reinhart, Multi-millionaire, while Temporarily Insane from the Loss of His Wife, and Daughter, and of His Enormous Fortune, Which Was Shattered in To-day's Awful Panic, Cut His Throat. His death was instantaneous.

In another column:
Robert Brownley Creates the Most Awful Panic in History and Spreads Wreck and Ruin Throughout the Civilized World.

THE END.

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